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# TV COMIC plus TOM & JERRY Weekly

7p

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

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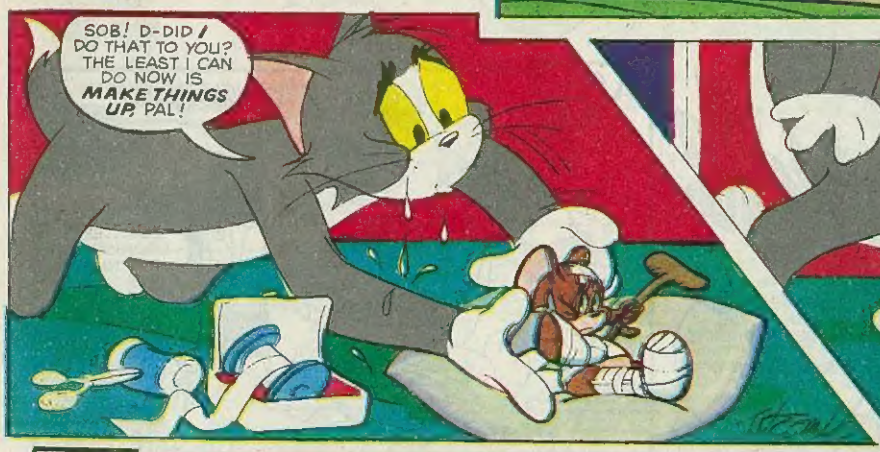
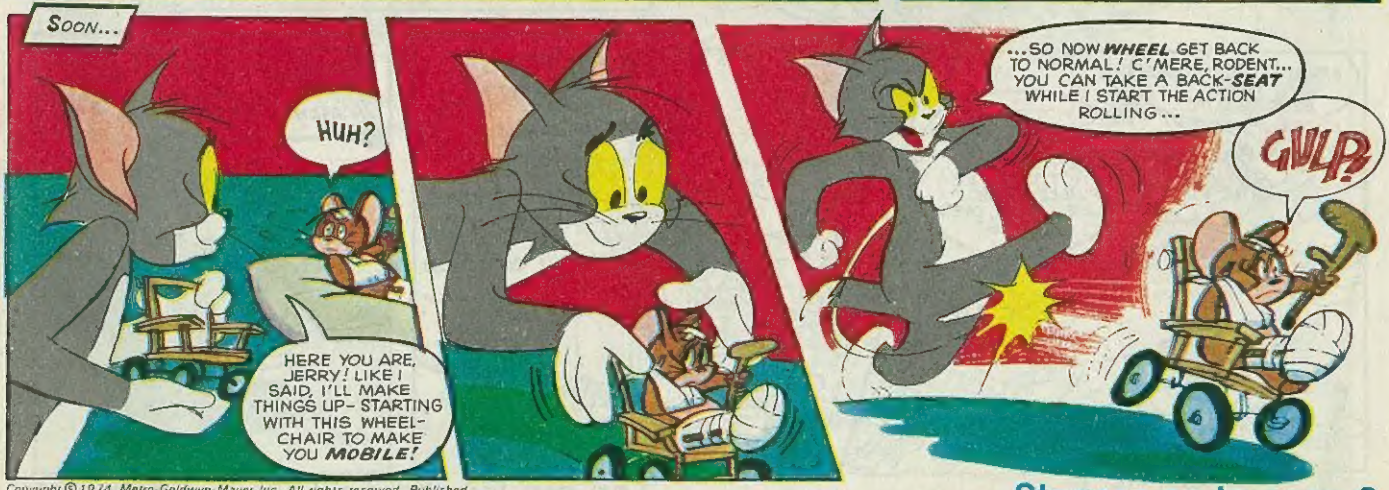
## TOM and JERRY




SOON...
HUH?
HERE YOU ARE, JERRY! LIKE I SAID, I'LL MAKE THINGS UP- STARTING WITH THIS WHEEL-CHAIR TO MAKE YOU MOBILE!
...SO NOW WHEEL GET BACK TO NORMAL! C'MERE, RODENT... YOU CAN TAKE A BACK-SEAT WHILE I START THE ACTION ROLLING...
GULP!

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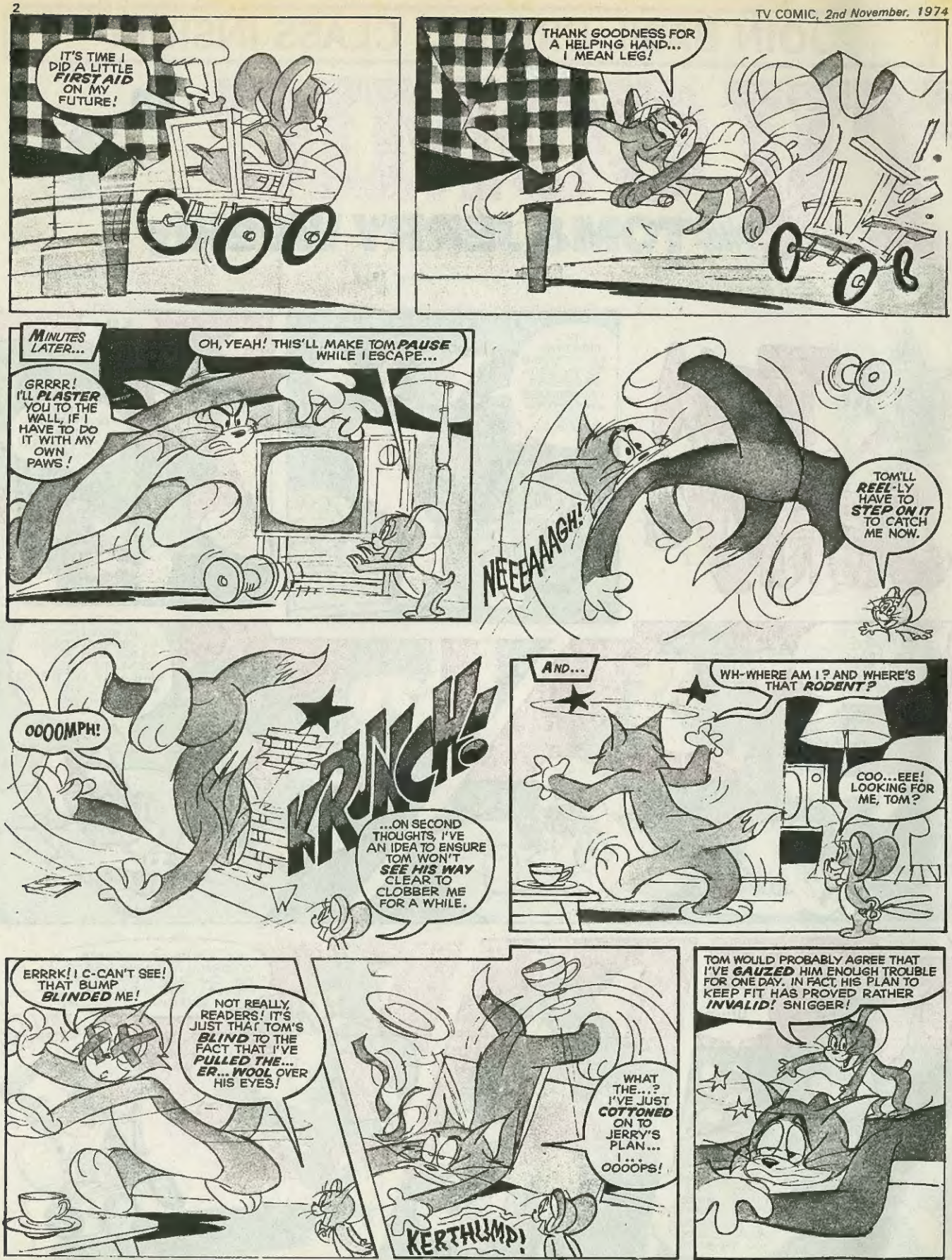
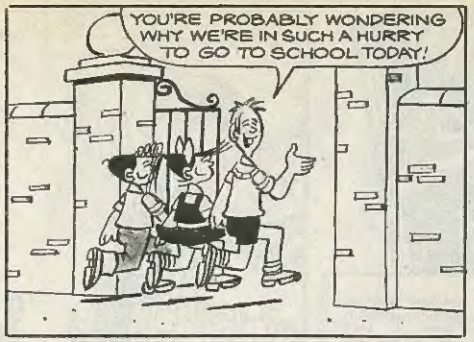
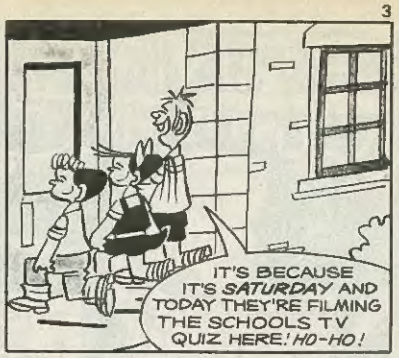
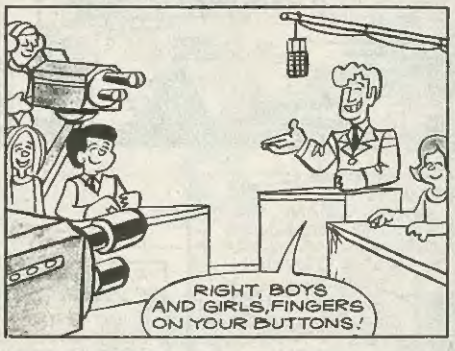

IT'S TIME I DID A LITTLE FIRST AID ON MY FUTURE!
THANK GOODNESS FOR A HELPING HAND... I MEAN LEG!
MINUTES LATER...
OH, YEAH! THIS'LL MAKE TOM PAUSE WHILE I ESCAPE...
GRRRR! I'LL PLASTER YOU TO THE WALL, IF I HAVE TO DO IT WITH MY OWN PAWS!
NEEEAAAGH!
TOM'LL REEL-LY HAVE TO STEP ON IT TO CATCH ME NOW.
OOOOMPH!
KRNCH!
...ON SECOND THOUGHTS, I'VE AN IDEA TO ENSURE TOM WON'T SEE HIS WAY CLEAR TO CLOBBER ME FOR A WHILE.
AND...
WH-WHERE AM I? AND WHERE'S THAT RODENT?
COO...EEE! LOOKING FOR ME, TOM?
ERRRK! I C-CAN'T SEE! THAT BUMP BLINDED ME!
NOT REALLY, READERS! IT'S JUST THAT TOM'S BLIND TO THE FACT THAT I'VE PULLED THE... ER... WOOL OVER HIS EYES!
WHAT THE...? I'VE JUST COTTONED ON TO JERRY'S PLAN... I... OOOOPS!
KERTHUMP!
TOM WOULD PROBABLY AGREE THAT I'VE GAUZED HIM ENOUGH TROUBLE FOR ONE DAY. IN FACT, HIS PLAN TO KEEP FIT HAS PROVED RATHER INVALID! SNIGGER!

Ten-pin laughs on Tom are coming!

# TV Terrors





Big excitement next week, when Hoppit gets bored!

# CANNON

CANNON has been engaged by an insurance company to track down a gang dressed as Red Indians who have fired Dan Houseman's farm. When the big private-eye reaches Bitter Springs, he finds the Housemans have left town and that no one will co-operate with him . . . Leaving his car hidden, Cannon returns to town on foot . . .

I SHOULD'VE STAYED WITH THE CAR. THIS TWISTING TRAIL MUST BE LONGER THAN THE HIGHWAY... HELLO, WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

AND BEYOND THE NEXT RISE...

THE INDIANS SPEAK MIGHTY GOOD ENGLISH AROUND HERE. WONDER WHO BRADY IS?

OKAY, FELLAHS! IT'S BRADY'S TURN TONIGHT! IF HE WON'T SELL, WE HAVE TO ACT! LET'S GO!

WHEN THE BREATHLESS INVESTIGATOR ARRIVES...

CAN ONLY BE THAT PLACE DOWN THERE!

WHO ARE THE REDSKINS, BRADY? WHY DID THEY DO THIS TO YOU?

DON'T KNOW YOUR NAME, STRANGER, BUT I COULD DO WITHOUT YOUR FOOL QUESTIONS, RIGHT NOW!

PATRICK BRADY HAS MORE PRESSING BUSINESS...

FOR MERCY'S SAKE, PAT! COME BACK!

THAT WON'T DO NO GOOD, MA'AM. GUESS YOUR HUSBAND'S A STUBBORN MAN! BUT SO IS FRANK CANNON!

GOTTEN TO GET MA HORSES OUTA THAT BARN!

AND SECONDS LATER...

THAT'S THE LAST! SURE OWE YOU A FAVOUR, STRANGER!

YOU RECKON, HUH?

THEN HOW ABOUT TELLING ME WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE, MR BRADY?

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY THREATENED, PAT?

SURE, JEANNIE. BUT WHERE'S IT GONNA STOP? SOMEONE'S GOTTEN TO SPEAK OUT!

MEANWHILE...

JASON SPOTTED IT, WES! BELONGS TO THAT FAT, SNOOPER!

THE GUY CALLED CANNON, HUH?

LOOKS LIKE SOME GUYS NEVER LEARN, UNTIL THEY'RE DEAD!

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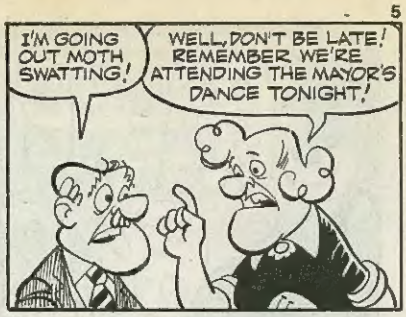
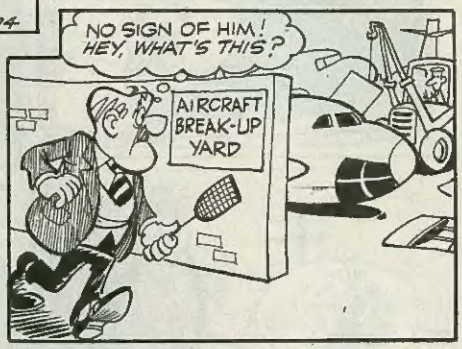
Needle moments await the big private-eye soon!

# MIGHTY MOTH





Trouble is brewing for Mighty next week!

BARNEY BEAR
THAT DOG'S FOUND HIMSELF A NICE BONE FROM SOMEWHERE!
HEY, LOOK! HE'S DIGGING A HOLE!
NOW HE'S PUT THE BONE IN THE HOLE AND BURIED IT!
WE COULD LEARN A LOT FROM THAT DOG, BARNEY. INSTEAD OF EATING THE BONE, HE'S HIDDEN IT FOR WHEN HE'S REALLY HUNGRY!
WHICH REMINDS ME — I'M HUNGRY!
WELL, HOW ABOUT HAVING DINNER AT MY PLACE? I'VE BEEN KEEPING A DELICIOUS MEAT PIE FOR A SPECIAL OCCASION!
YOU SIT AND READ THE PAPER WHILE I PREPARE THE MEAL!
HOW NICE!
SOON...
NO NOISE COMING FROM THE KITCHEN. I WONDER WHERE MOOSE IS?
DAILY ECHO
GULP! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
YEEK! NO WONDER MOOSE ADMIRED THAT DOG! HE'D BURIED THAT PIE IN THE GARDEN AND NOW HE'S DIGGING IT UP FOR OUR DINNER!
ER... MOOSE, I'M NOT HUNGRY ANY MORE! I WON'T BE HAVING DINNER WITH YOU!
WHAT A PITY BARNEY LEFT LIKE THAT! JUST AS I WAS DIGGING UP SOME NICE POTATOES TO HAVE WITH THE PIE I'VE KEPT IN THE FREEZER!

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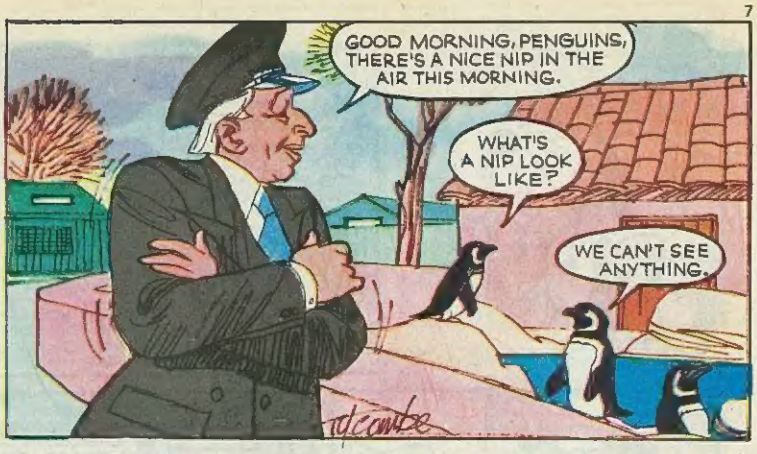
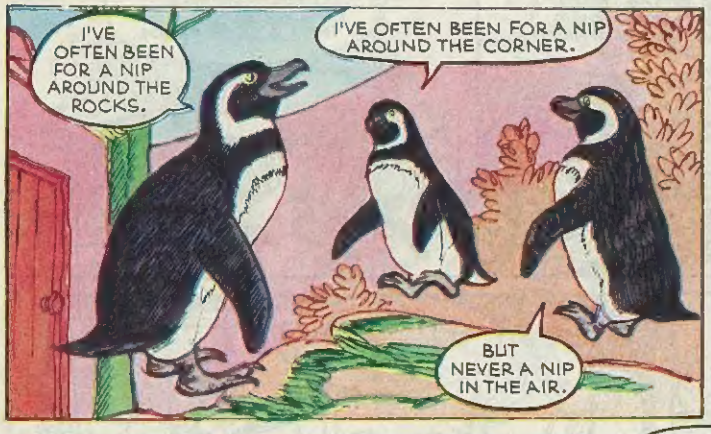
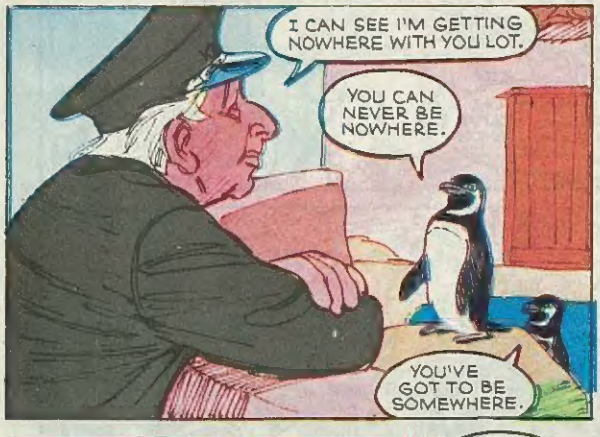
**Barney goes backwards soon!**

# JOHNNY MORRIS'S ANIMAL MAGIC





**A Lemur leg-pull for Johnny soon!**

DROOPY
NOW SHOWING
JAMES BONK in SUPERSPY
GEE, BUTCH! THAT'S WHAT I CALL A JOB WITH ACTION. I WISH I COULD BE A SECRET AGENT!
I WISH YOU WERE TOO! SAY, PERHAPS I SHOULD HELP HIM!?!
NEXT DAY...
HELP WANTED APPLY WITHIN
SECRET AGENT
I'VE LAID IT ALL ON FOR YOU, PAL! IT'S THE CHANCE OF A LIFE-TIME!
G-GOSH! IT WAS SURE LUCKY YOU SAW THAT SIGN, BUTCH.
SECRET
ESTATE AGENT
HEH! HEH! YOU SAID IT, SUCKER! BOY, AM I IN FOR A BIG LAUGH!
AND INSIDE...
YOU CAN START RIGHT NOW BY CHECKING OUT THIS PLACE. HERE'S THE FILE. ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS I WANT TO KNOW.
SURE THING, MR COYNETT. I WON'T MISS A TRICK!
SO...
THIS FILE DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. MUST BE IN CODE. ALL LOOKS PEACEFUL ENOUGH! I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK INSIDE.
FOR SALE
THEN...
WOW! THE ENEMY HAVE STRUCK. HE WASN'T MENTIONED IN THE FILE, BUT HE MUST BE ONE OF OURS.
SUDDENLY...
I'VE BEEN KIDNAPPED! HURRY... THEY WILL SOON COME...
STEADY ON, FELLA. YOU'RE IN SAFE HANDS NOW.
ZO YOU TRY TO RESCUE ZE PROFESSOR, HUH? FIX HIM, HANS!
JA!
KEEP AWAY, YOU BIG BULLY!
ZO YOU TRY TO BE CLEVER!
OOF!
TYP
CLONK
OOOMPH!
BY GOLLY! WHAT A CHARACTER. HE CERTAINLY HAS THEM TIED UP!
ERK! I'M ALL TANGLED UP!
BEFORE LONG...
WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR PROFESSOR SPARK, SINCE HE VANISHED THREE DAYS AGO. YOU'VE DONE OUR COUNTRY A GREAT SERVICE.
POLICE
OH, IT'S ALL IN A DAY'S WORK, INSPECTOR.
NEXT DAY...
AGENT
NO WONDER HE LOOKS FED UP! HE MUST'VE FOUND OUT I TRICKED HIM!
WHAT'S UP, HERO...? HAVE YOU RUN OUT OF MISSIONS? HEH! HEH!
THE JOB RAN OUT ON ME, BUTCH. THERE'S NO POINT IN GOING BACK. MY COVER IS BLOWN!
DAILY DROOL
DOG SAVES TAP
BRITISH SCIENTIST
SPY RING
BROKEN

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Fun and games for Droopy next week!

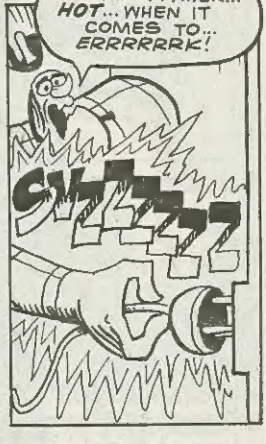
# Texas Ted

IT'S NO GOOD! I'LL GO TO BED. AT LEAST I HAVE AN ELECTRIC BLANKET! SNIFF!
YOU SAID IT, COUSIN! YOU HIT THE HAY AN' I'LL FIX YUH A DROP O' TEXAS FIREWATER!

BUT...
SNIFF... I STILL C-CAN'T FEEL MY F-FEET!
FIGGER YO' SHO' ARE IN A BAD WAY, COUSIN! I'LL HAVE TUH SEND OVER TUH THE STATES FOR THE REAL REMEDY!

NEXT DAY...
TAKE A LOOK—SEE, CECIL! A TEXAS-TYPE ELECTRIC BLANKET!
DIRECT FROM TEXAS
"COSYWRAY PLUG-IN BLANKET FOR EVERY COWBOY"
SNIFF... I'M G-GETTING WARMER ALREADY, EDWARD!

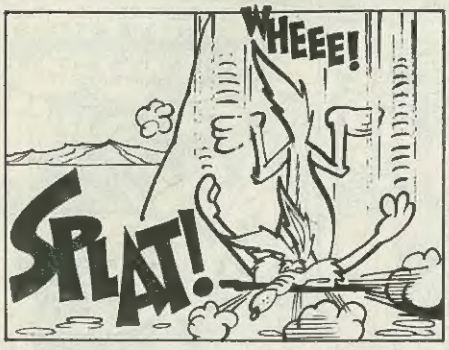
BUT...
G-GULP! RECKON THEY SENT ME A TEXAS OUT-SIZED BLANKET, COUSIN! IT'S SHO' HOT WORK SHIFTING IT!
ICCCY BLAST!
WELL, I'M FREEZING WITH THAT DOOR OPEN! YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO FORGET THE IDEA!

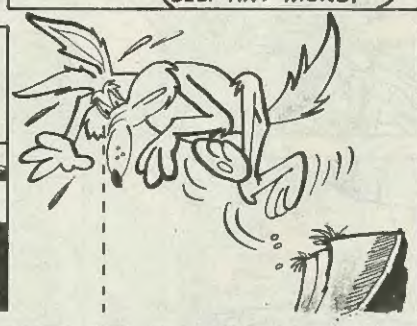


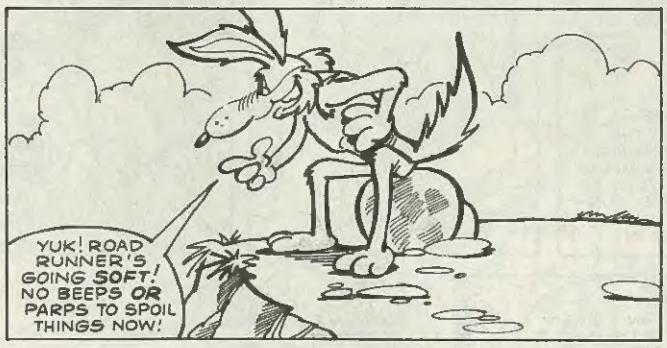
GRRRR! I'LL GET YOU, YOU BRIGHT SPARK!
SOME PEOPLE ARE PLUMB UNGRATEFUL! AFTER ALL, COUSIN CECIL'S SHO' BOILING WITH RAGE NOW! G-GULP!

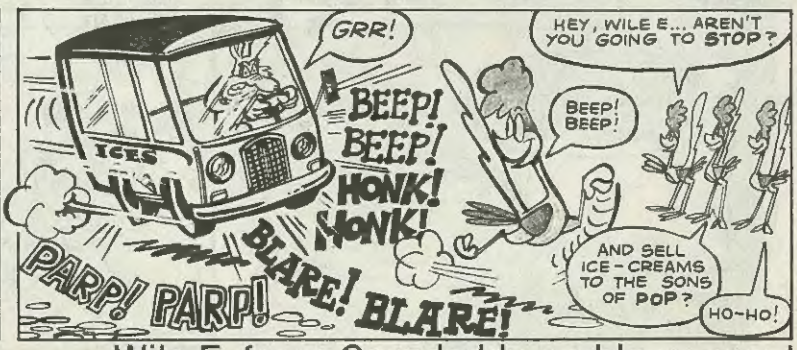
Watch-out for the ADVENTURES of ROOBARB!

# BEEP BEEP The Road Runner







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Wile E. faces Grandaddy problems soon!

# Readers' Page

£1 for every item published on this page. Plus £2 for the special Star Letter of the week. Send your entry to: TV Comic, Polly Perkins House, 382/386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.

## Dear Editor

My name is James Meek and my hobbies are golf and football. I go up to the golf course a few times but play football all the time. I collect football pictures, posters, badges etc. I have not yet got a set of golf clubs.

**James Meek, Glenrothes, Scotland.**

*Well, I can't afford to send you the golf clubs, James, but perhaps the postal order you will be receiving soon might purchase a couple of balls.*

## STAR LETTER

I am writing to tell you about one of my hobbies, collecting postcards. There are many different kinds of postcards to collect; some of different places, some of beaches, often maps of the county the shop is in, or just pictures of animals, places to visit, etc. Most are very colourful, and it is a cheap hobby.
PS: My favourite features in TV Comic are Pink Panther, Basil Brush and Mighty Moth.

**Richard Crowhurst, Croydon.**

***I think it's a great hobby, Richard. To be honest I hate writing all those messages when you're on holiday. Collecting postcards seems a much better idea. In fact, you've inspired me to compose a modest verse.***

*When Richard Crowhurst goes away*
*On his annual holiday,*
*Not for him the postcard bore,*
*Of writing messages by the score —*
*Describing visits to the pier —*
*Gorgeous grub! Wish you were here!*
*His postcards never end up on the ledge,*
*Gathering dust and left unread.*
*Those lovely scenes of cliff and moor,*
*He collects and holds in store,*
*So when at home with cold or chill,*
*These places he remembers still.*

There was a lady called Lane,
Who fell headfirst down a drain,
With her legs in the air,
It made people stare,
Till they hoisted her out with a crane.

**Bernard Mathews, Blackwood, Gwent.**

*I don't think I care to add any more to Miss Lane's indignity. She appears to have suffered quite enough already!*

## Dear Editor

I am nine years old and my favourite story in TV Comic is Basil Brush. I have two pets. A dog called Sammy and a cat called Thomas. Our dog is only a puppy and she is very mischievious. Last Saturday we were talking through a microphone when Sammy came and knocked it over. Another of her adventures happened when we were on holidays and Sammy was staying with my granny and grandpa. She ate a bowl of strawberries, a plate of mushrooms and a bowl of fruit salad. The picture is of our dog Sammy when we first had her.

**Catherine Pel, Mull Falls, Salts Lane, Kent.**

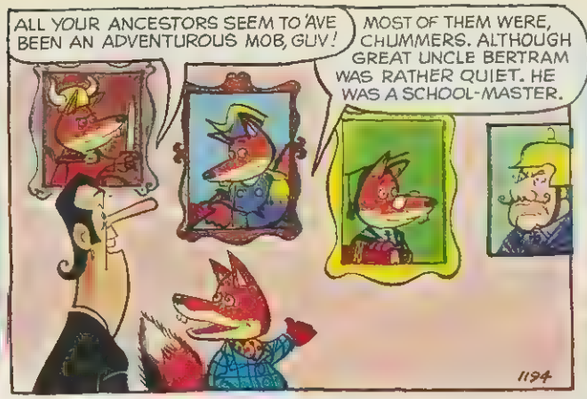
*With a taste of mushrooms, strawberries and fruit salad, I reckon Sammy has what can only be described as an* iron constitution!

LOOK!

# TV COMIC annual 1975
## NOW ON SALE!

**If you are unable to obtain the annual from your newsagent fill in the coupon on the right and enclose 85p plus 5p (to cover postage) and send the postal order and coupon to: TV COMIC Polly Perkins House, 382/386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.**

# BASIL BRUSH


ALL YOUR ANCESTORS SEEM TO 'AVE BEEN AN ADVENTUROUS MOB, GUV!
MOST OF THEM WERE, CHUMMERS. ALTHOUGH GREAT UNCLE BERTRAM WAS RATHER QUIET. HE WAS A SCHOOL-MASTER.
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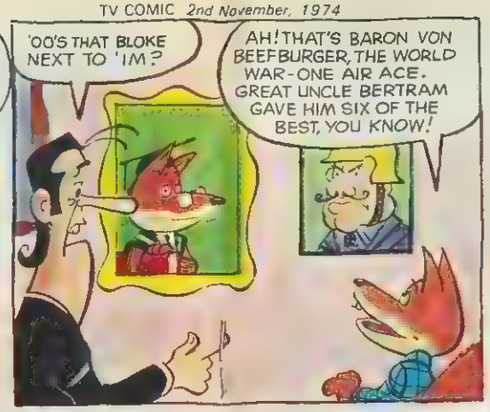
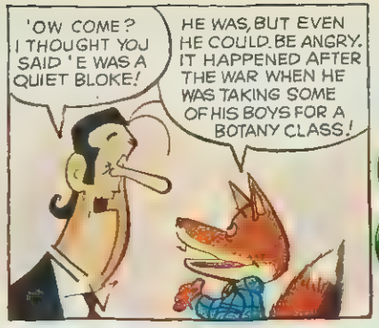
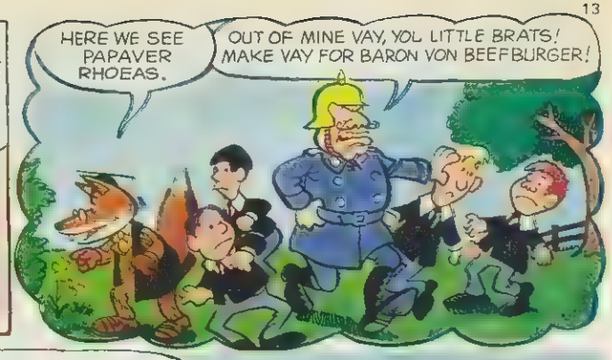
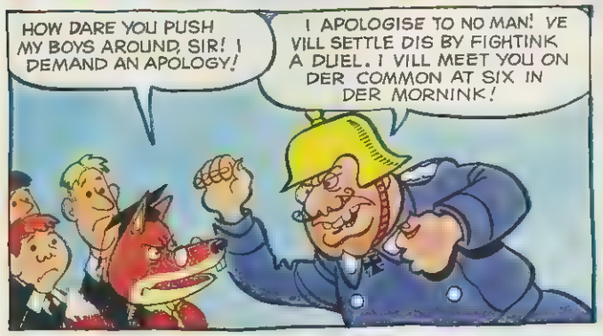
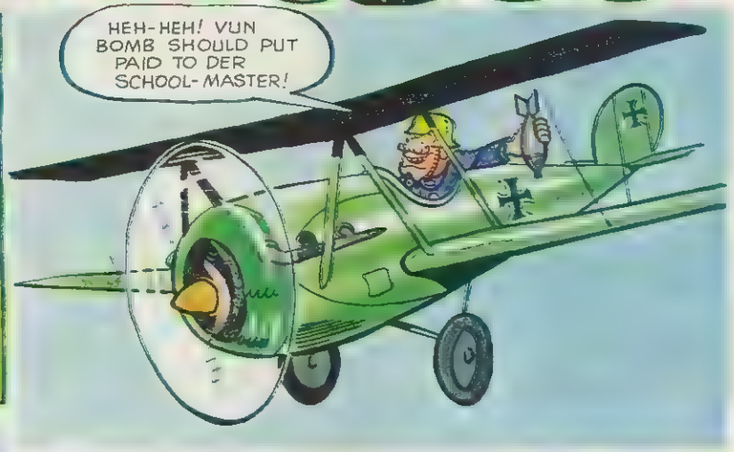

'OO'S THAT BLOKE NEXT TO 'IM?
AH! THAT'S BARON VON BEEFBURGER, THE WORLD WAR-ONE AIR ACE. GREAT UNCLE BERTRAM GAVE HIM SIX OF THE BEST, YOU KNOW!

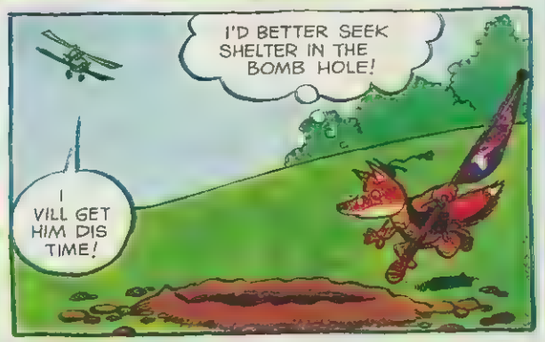

'OW COME? I THOUGHT YOU SAID 'E WAS A QUIET BLOKE!
HE WAS, BUT EVEN HE COULD BE ANGRY. IT HAPPENED AFTER THE WAR WHEN HE WAS TAKING SOME OF HIS BOYS FOR A BOTANY CLASS!

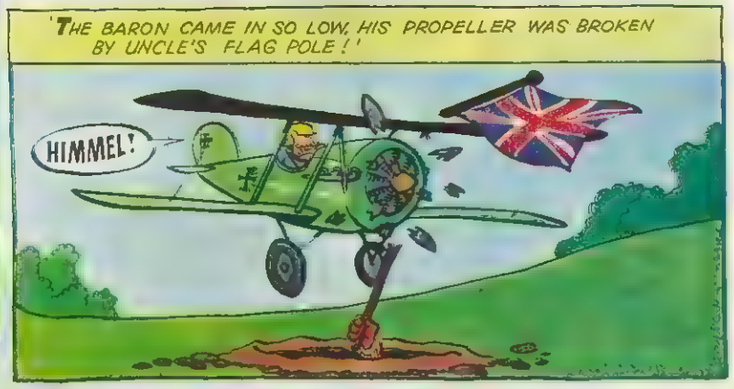


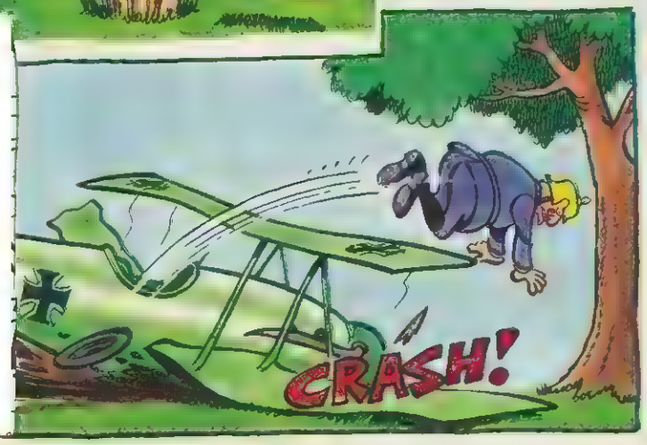


HOW DARE YOU PUSH MY BOYS AROUND, SIR! I DEMAND AN APOLOGY!
I APOLOGISE TO NO MAN! VE VILL SETTLE DIS BY FIGHTINK A DUEL. I VILL MEET YOU ON DER COMMON AT SIX IN DER MORNINK!

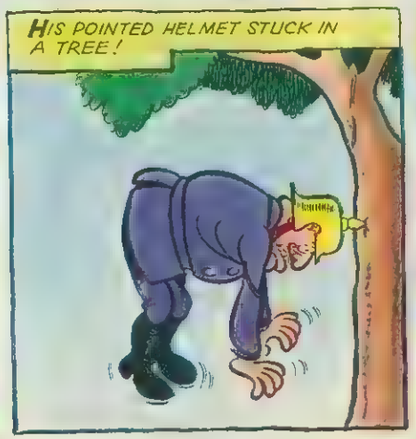
NEXT MORNING...
HE DIDN'T SAY WHAT WEAPONS WE WERE TO USE! I PRESUME DUELLING PISTOLS!
IT'S NEARLY SIX O'CLOCK, SIR! MAYBE HE WON'T TURN UP!

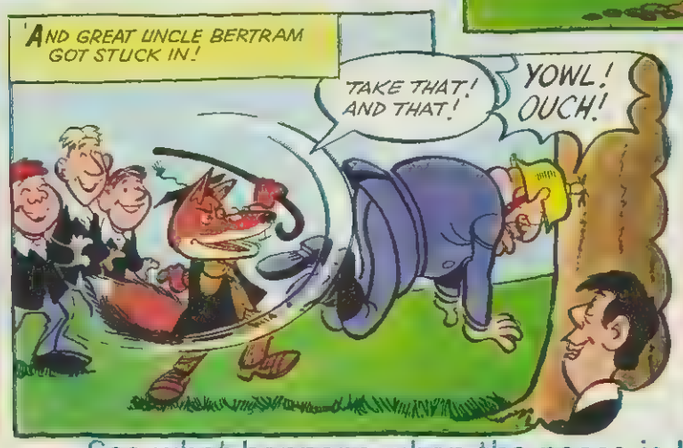






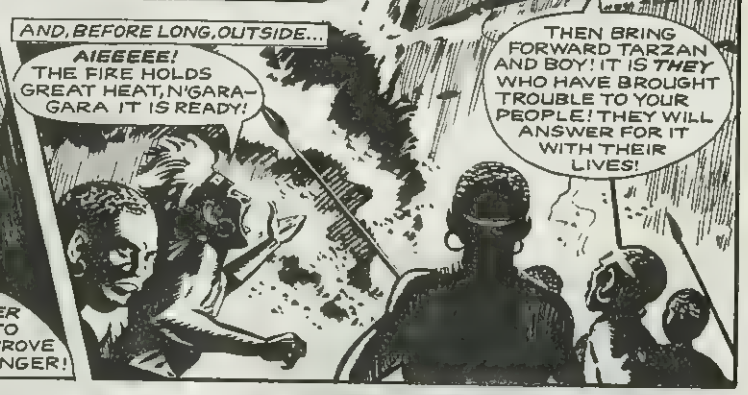



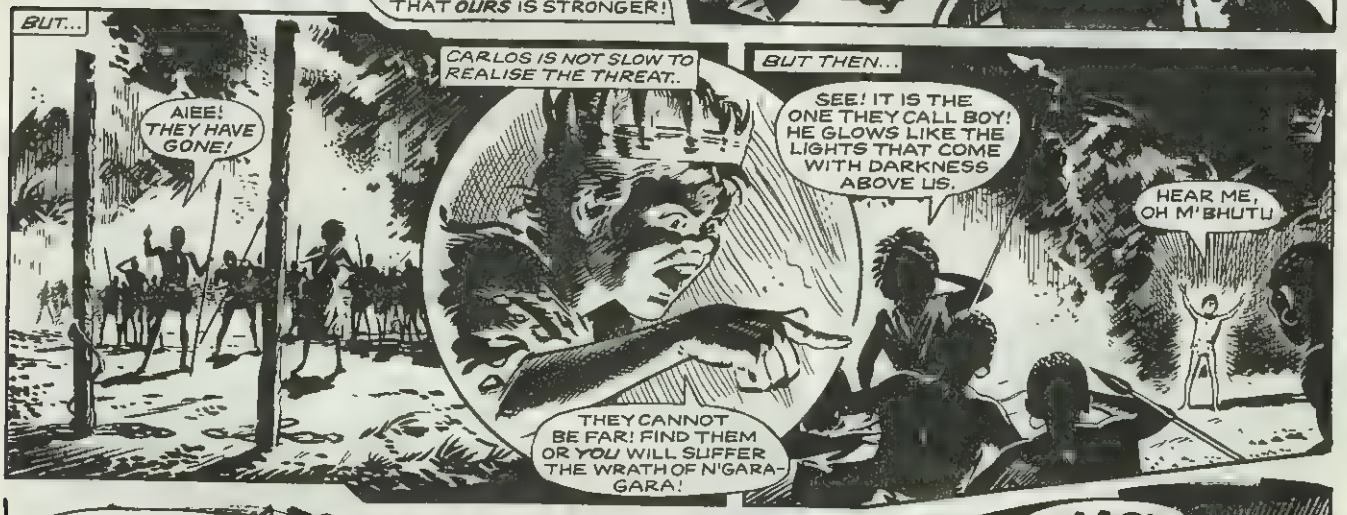
See what happens when the peace is broken at Brush Hall next week!

# TARZAN

DISGUISED as N'Gara-Gara, Carlos Schmidt — Crown Prince of the state of Perezuela — controls the superstitious M'Bhutu, who believe he has come to save them from famine. It was Malog, the witch-doctor, who first kidnapped Carlos from an animal-trappers' camp, and convinced the tribe the teenager was the 'god of mercy'. Now the plan backfires as Carlos orders the execution of Tarzan and Boy. Then . . .

IN HIS HUT, THE WITCH DOCTOR EXPLAINS EVERYTHING...
I ONLY SOUGHT CHIEF SUMA'S FAVOUR. BUT THE YOUNG ONE IS EVIL— HE WILL SOON CLAIM ALL OUR LIVES!
THEN WE HAVE TO BREAK HIS POWER OVER THE M'BHUTU. TO DO THAT, WE MUST PROVE THAT OURS IS STRONGER!


AND, BEFORE LONG, OUTSIDE...
AIEEEEE! THE FIRE HOLDS GREAT HEAT, N'GARA-GARA IT IS READY!
THEN BRING FORWARD TARZAN AND BOY! IT IS THEY WHO HAVE BROUGHT TROUBLE TO YOUR PEOPLE! THEY WILL ANSWER FOR IT WITH THEIR LIVES!


BUT...
AIEE! THEY HAVE GONE!
CARLOS IS NOT SLOW TO REALISE THE THREAT.
THEY CANNOT BE FAR! FIND THEM OR YOU WILL SUFFER THE WRATH OF N'GARA-GARA!
BUT THEN...
SEE! IT IS THE ONE THEY CALL BOY! HE GLOWS LIKE THE LIGHTS THAT COME WITH DARKNESS ABOVE US.
HEAR ME, OH M'BHUTU!

YOU MUST COME NO CLOSER! LAY DOWN YOUR SPEARS— OR YOU WILL SUFFER MY MAGIC! IT IS GREATER THAN THAT OF N'GARA-GARA!
CARLOS SCREAMS WITH RAGE...
HE LIES! IT IS A TRICK! BRING HIM TO ME!
WAAGH! I DO NOT FEAR HIM!
I HAVE WARNED YOU...! NEEEAAAAGH!
EEAAGH!

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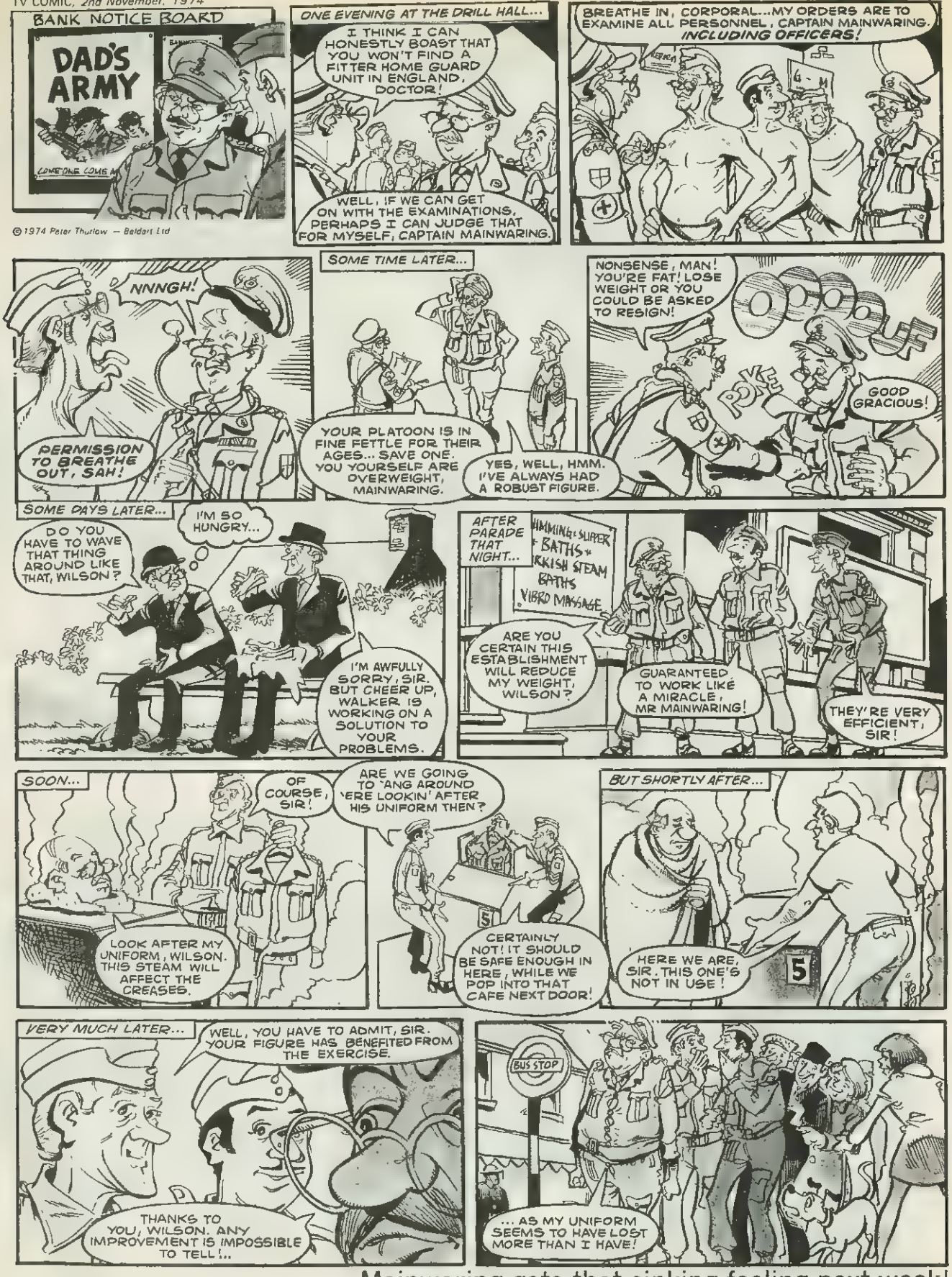
Who will win the battle of the boys?

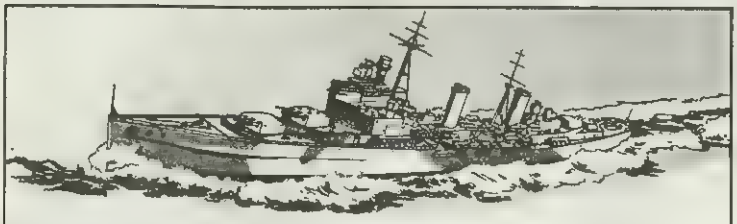

BANK NOTICE BOARD
DAD'S ARMY
© 1974 Peter Thurlow — Beldart Ltd
ONE EVENING AT THE DRILL HALL...
I THINK I CAN HONESTLY BOAST THAT YOU WON'T FIND A FITTER HOME GUARD UNIT IN ENGLAND, DOCTOR!
WELL, IF WE CAN GET ON WITH THE EXAMINATIONS, PERHAPS I CAN JUDGE THAT FOR MYSELF, CAPTAIN MAINWARING.
BREATHE IN, CORPORAL...MY ORDERS ARE TO EXAMINE ALL PERSONNEL, CAPTAIN MAINWARING. INCLUDING OFFICERS!
NNNGH!
PERMISSION TO BREATHE OUT, SAH!
SOME TIME LATER...
YOUR PLATOON IS IN FINE FETTLE FOR THEIR AGES... SAVE ONE. YOU YOURSELF ARE OVERWEIGHT, MAINWARING.
YES, WELL, HMM. I'VE ALWAYS HAD A ROBUST FIGURE.
NONSENSE, MAN! YOU'RE FAT! LOSE WEIGHT OR YOU COULD BE ASKED TO RESIGN!
OOOOF
PYE
GOOD GRACIOUS!
SOME DAYS LATER...
DO YOU HAVE TO WAVE THAT THING AROUND LIKE THAT, WILSON?
I'M SO HUNGRY...
I'M AWFULLY SORRY, SIR. BUT CHEER UP, WALKER IS WORKING ON A SOLUTION TO YOUR PROBLEMS.
AFTER PARADE THAT NIGHT...
SWIMMING · SLIPPER · BATHS · TURKISH STEAM BATHS · VIBRO MASSAGE
ARE YOU CERTAIN THIS ESTABLISHMENT WILL REDUCE MY WEIGHT, WILSON?
GUARANTEED TO WORK LIKE A MIRACLE, MR MAINWARING!
THEY'RE VERY EFFICIENT, SIR!
SOON...
OF COURSE, SIR!
ARE WE GOING TO 'ANG AROUND 'ERE LOOKIN' AFTER HIS UNIFORM THEN?
LOOK AFTER MY UNIFORM, WILSON. THIS STEAM WILL AFFECT THE CREASES.
CERTAINLY NOT! IT SHOULD BE SAFE ENOUGH IN HERE, WHILE WE POP INTO THAT CAFE NEXT DOOR!
BUT SHORTLY AFTER...
HERE WE ARE, SIR. THIS ONE'S NOT IN USE!
5
VERY MUCH LATER...
WELL, YOU HAVE TO ADMIT, SIR. YOUR FIGURE HAS BENEFITED FROM THE EXERCISE.
THANKS TO YOU, WILSON. ANY IMPROVEMENT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL!...
BUS STOP
... AS MY UNIFORM SEEMS TO HAVE LOST MORE THAN I HAVE!

Mainwaring gets that sinking feeling next week!

AIRFIX

# THE VICTORS

A series of exciting Airfix models that remember some famous wartime victories.



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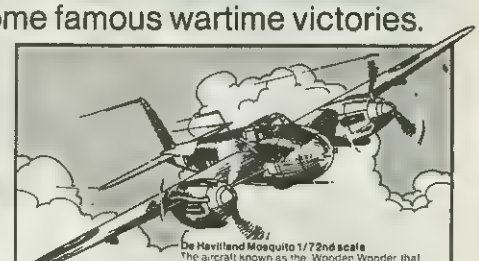

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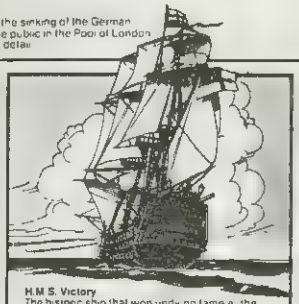

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**Paratroopers 1/32nd scale**
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# The BUGS BUNNY Show

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

'RABBIT RAIDER!'

EVER FEEL THAT THERE IS A PAIR OF EYES BURNING HOLES IN THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD?

SIGH! ROW UPON ROW OF SUCCULENT CARROTS!

I KNEW IT! IT'S THAT *RABBIT!*

GERROUTOFFIT!

DUCK!

TSK! TSK! SUCH AN ILL-TEMPERED FELLOW!

SURELY YOU CANNOT MIND MY *LOOKING* AT YOUR CARROTS, SIR! THERE'S NO HARM IN *THAT!*

FUME!

SEETHE!

I MEAN, LONG-DISTANCE LOOKING HAS NEVER BEEN KNOWN TO HURT A CARROT THROUGHOUT HISTORY, SIR!

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! YOU CAN *LOOK* – BUT JUST DON'T *TOUCH!*

I CAN HONESTLY STATE THAT THERE IS NO RECORD OF IT ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD, SIR! AS A MATTER OF FACT...

IT ISN'T MY *EYES* I WISH TO *FEAST* ON SUCH A SIGHT! BUT THE GARDENER GUARDS THEM TOO WELL I FEAR!

THERE! THAT SHOULD KEEP AWAY THE *CARROT FLY!*

I SAY! DID THE GENTLEMAN SAY CARROT *FLY?*

GOOD! HE'S GONE AT LAST! THAT RABBIT WAS DRIVING ME CRAZY!

ZOOM!

SOON AFTER...

YEE-EEK! WH-WHAT'S THAT?

FLAP! FLAP! FLAP!

YEEAAGH! HE'S *BACK!* WITH *WINGS!*

FLAP! FLAP!

INDEED, SIR! AND IT WAS YOUR MENTION OF CARROT *FLY* THAT GAVE ME THIS MOST EXCELLENT IDEA! *SNIGGER!*

PLUCK!

PLUCK!

*TSK!* AN ILL-TEMPERED FELLOW INDEED. I DON'T THINK HE AND I SEE *EYE TO EYE!*

BLAM! BLAM!

YAAA-AAAGH!

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Laughs go with a bang for Bugs and pals soon!

Yes! A special Offer from our all world stocks containing fabulous van Gogh Painting beautiful Indian sculpture, Canada Christmas scarce old Turkey and Iran, Portugal, Hungary's Postal Workers and Indonesian Transportation issues and local Flowers — these are just some of the 129 stamps you will receive if you send just 10p TODAY for a selection of our Bargain Approvals (buy those you want, return the rest): remit in unused stamps, and **QUOTE LOT 94.**

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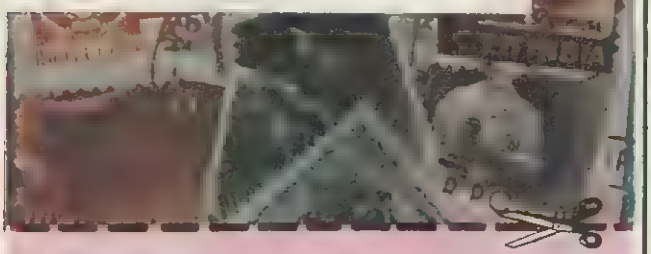

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# BOPPO'S CLUB

Westmorland House, 104 Stokes Croft, Bristol BS99 7CX.

Hello there,

One day last week I went to the bank with a pocket full of foreign coins and notes that you had sent to me after your holidays in other countries. There were pesetas from Majorca and Spain and francs from France and Belgium. The cashier at the bank gave me over £6 for them and this has been added to my Bounty Box Fund. Thank you to all of those children who sent these contributions, which are such a help.

I have to go to the bank again soon, so if you have any more spare foreign money, would you like to let me have it for our fund? Send it along right away — I'd be so grateful.

Now here is some news of two of our new members. Karen Lavesey from Walton-le-Dale, near Preston sent me a lot of trading stamps and a postal order for £1 she had raised the money by arranging a variety show with the help of her sister and two friends. Yvette Mayes of Market Harborough helped by some of her friends, held a jumble sale recently and sent along the magnificent sum of £4.50 — how hard she must have worked to raise this much!

Next time I will be printing the winning photograph in the competition I mentioned some time ago, and I will also tell you about some outings that were arranged for members by one of my friends in Cambridge.

Bye-bye for now — Your friend

Boppo

PINK PANTHER
BEING A DOOR-TO-DOOR BRUSH SALESMAN IS HARD WORK!
I WONDER IF I'LL HAVE ANY LUCK HERE? THE OWNER MUST BE WELL OFF.
TAP TAP
YES?
I'M... ER... I'M SELLING... ER... I WONDERED IF YOU'D LIKE TO BUY A BRUSH?
THAT'S NO WAY TO SELL ANYTHING! I MADE MY FORTUNE SELLING! HOW DO YOU THINK I BOUGHT MY BIG HOUSE WITH A SWIMMING POOL? MY CARS? MY YACHT? EH?
I...!
WHEN I WAS YOUNG I COULD SELL FRIDGES TO THE ESKIMOS AND WELLINGTON BOOTS TO DESERT TRIBESMEN! AND HOW DID I DO IT? EH?
I'VE NO IDEA!
CONFIDENCE, THAT'S HOW! DON'T JUST TAP-TAP ON THE DOOR AND STUTTER! BE A SHOWMAN! LET 'EM KNOW YOU'RE COMING!
SLAP!
MAKE THE CUSTOMER THINK YOU'RE DOING HIM A BIG FAVOUR BY LETTING HIM BUY FROM YOU - GOT IT?
I.. I THINK SO!
WELL, CALL AGAIN, BUT NEXT TIME DO IT PROPERLY!
I CAN DO IT. I CAN BE A BIG-TIME SALESMAN!
HALLO! I'D LIKE TO HIRE A BAND RIGHT AWAY!
SOON..
WITH MY SHOWMANSHIP AND CONFIDENCE I'LL TRY THAT CHAP AGAIN!
BANG BANG
GOOD AFTERNOON, FRIEND. THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY! YOU HAVE THE HONOUR OF BEING OFFERED A GENUINE DUSTY BRUSH FOR A MERE 80 PENCE!
NO, THANKS. I ALREADY HAVE ONE!
SLAM!
WE'LL HAVE OUR MONEY NOW!
I.. ER.. BRUSHES, ANYBODY? ER... ONLY 80 PENCE!
THAT WAS A QUICK QUID EACH, BOYS!

©Minsch — Geoffrey — D.F 1974

OYEZ! OYEZ! PP will make you cry next week!

# FREE

## Large photograph signed by PETER SHILTON

Send off the coupon to us and you will receive a big photo - twice postcard size - individually signed by Peter.

With your photo will be a letter from Peter plus a colour catalogue showing our super Soccer-Season sweaters.

GREAT!

A really with it selection for you to choose from - smart Vee necks, casual crew or polo necks, plain or combination colours with arm or body stripes. They all have a special Shilton badge on the chest and they're all in great shape.

Tell your parents you've sent off your request and show them the catalogue when it arrives - they might be looking for Christmas present ideas!!!

Just fill in the coupon, pop it in an envelope and post it off. You don't need a stamp. It is a FREEPOST address.

**Please write in your neatest block capitals:-**

**SHILTON PHOTO OFFER,
JUMP JETS LTD.,
FREEPOST,
DESBOROUGH,
KETTERING,
NORTHANTS,
NN14 2BR.**

Don't miss your chance Send now!

Please send me a free signed photo of Peter Shilton and a Shilton sweater catalogue.

Name: _____ Age: _____

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# Laurel & Hardy

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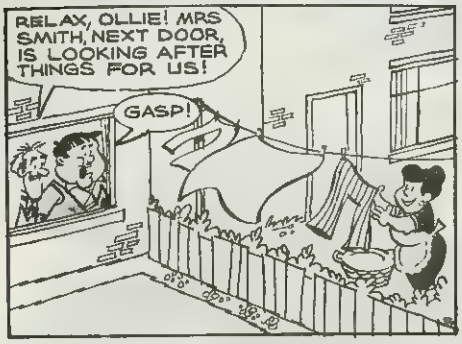

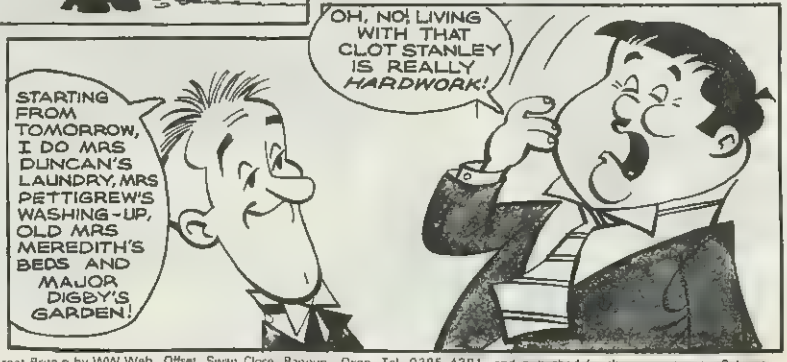
STARTING FROM TOMORROW, I DO MRS DUNCAN'S LAUNDRY, MRS PETTIGREW'S WASHING-UP, OLD MRS MEREDITH'S BEDS AND MAJOR DIGBY'S GARDEN!
OH, NO! LIVING WITH THAT CLOT STANLEY IS REALLY HARDWORK!

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# DR WHO in Lords of the Ether!

THE Doctor has refused to divulge what he knows about the properties of a completely new mineral brought back to earth on the Achilles 1 spacecraft. Realising his silence has broken the alliance of nations contributing to the earth space agency the Doctor leaves an unruly meeting intent on trying to save the British Government, that he represents, any further embarrassment . . .

I TRUST YOU ARE SATISFIED, M'SIEU DOCTOR! YOUR OBSTINACY HAS DESTROYED THE EARTH SPACE AGENCY!

THAT IS A SACRIFICE THAT HAS TO BE MADE, MY FRIEND!

I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, DOCTOR!

IT IS STILL NOT TOO LATE TO REVERSE YOUR DECISION, DOCTOR! DON'T BE A FOOL!

IF HE DOES, I CAN KISS GOODBYE TO A MIGHTY INTERESTING ASSIGNMENT.

YOU HAVE NO CONCEPTION OF WHAT YOU ARE ASKING, SIR GEOFFREY.

TO RELIEVE THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT OF ANY EMBARRASSMENT, PLEASE ACCEPT MY RESIGNATION AS FROM THIS MOMENT, SIR GEOFFREY!

THAT, AT LEAST, MIGHT KEEP THEM ON TALKING TERMS UNTIL I CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS LUNAR BUSINESS MYSELF!

AFTER THE TIME-TRAVELLER HAS ARRANGED HIS RETURN FLIGHT TO LONDON AND CHECKED OUT OF HIS HOTEL...

THANK, YOU.

I CAN JUST IMAGINE WHAT THIS WILL DO...

U.K. MYSTERY MAN RESIGNS

FUTURE OF EARTH SPACE AGENCY IN JEOPARDY

I'D BETTER KEEP ON MY GUARD. I CAN SEE THIS ATTRACTING UNSAVOURY ATTENTION!

AND LATER, ON BOARD THE LONDON-BOUND FLIGHT...

ISN'T THAT THE DOCTOR SMITH WHO CAUSED ALL THE EXCITEMENT?

THE VERY SAME. I'VE JUST HEARD THE FLIGHT'S BEEN HELD BACK FOR FIVE MINUTES TO TAKE ON ANOTHER PASSENGER.

SHORTLY AFTER...

CAN YOU FIX ME UP CLOSE TO DR SMITH, MA'AM? NO FUSS, JUST CONFIDENTIAL BETWEEN YOU AND ME!

SURE, MR BURNS. I GET THE MESSAGE!

AS THE JUMBO LIFTS OFF INTO THE DARKENING ATLANTIC SKIES...

SO FAR, SO GOOD. WITH ANY LUCK I CAN GET BACK TO THE TARDIS BEFORE ANY PLANS TO SNATCH ME ARE UNDERWAY!

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AND AT LONDON AIRPORT...
I'D BETTER LEAVE BETSY IN THE AIRPORT CAR PARK. A TAXI BACK TO THE COTTAGE SHOULD AVOID ANY AMBUSH!
MUSTN'T LET HIM GIVE ME THE SLIP HERE. HOPE THE TRANSPORT IS LAID ON!
IN THE TAXI RANK OUTSIDE...
HE'S ON HIS WAY...
OKAY, I'M READY!
'ERE! WAIT YOUR TURN!
TAXIS
UNAWARE OF THE ORIGINS OF THE INCIDENT, THE DOCTOR'S ONLY INTEREST LIES IN A PROMPT DEPARTURE...
HERE YOU ARE, GUV!
OF ALL THE BLOOMIN' CHEEK!
SOME MOTHERS DO 'AVE 'EM!
I'M IN RATHER A HURRY!
THANKS, MAC! SORRY I CAN'T HANG AROUND!
GOOD LUCK!
OBLIVIOUS TO HIS TAIL, THE DOCTOR FINDS MORE IMMEDIATE PROBLEMS IN THE ROUTE HIS TAXI DRIVER HAS TAKEN...
ARE YOU DEAF OR SOMETHING? THIS IS THE WRONG WAY!
AND WHEN HE TRIES THE DOOR CATCH...
SO IN MY HASTE TO GET TO THE TARDIS I'VE WALKED STRAIGHT INTO A TRAP...
THEN...
GAS! THAT'S THE REASON I'M LOCKED IN! IF I CAN HOLD MY BREATH LONG ENOUGH... THEN THERE JUST MIGHT BE A SLIM CHANCE!
AND SO...
SECONDS LATER...
THERE IS A CAR FOLLOWING— BUT CAN I HOLD OUT LONG ENOUGH FOR HIM TO READ IT!
HELP! I AM BEING KIDNAPPED INFORM POLICE

Will the Doctor's desperate plan work?

POPEYE
SPINACH
WHAT'S THE MATTER, KIDDLING?
I IS A LIGHTWEIGHT!
WHY CAN'T I BE BIGGER AND HEAVIER, UNCA POPEYE?
YOU WILL BE, ALL IN GOOD TIME, SWEE 'PEA!
I'M SO SMALL, EVEN GENTLE BREEZES BLOW ME AROUND!
I TRIED TO WEIGH MYSELF YESTERDAY, BUT THE MACHINE REFUSED TO OPERATE!
I SPEAK YOUR WEIGHT
BUZZ OFF, TICH! I DON'T WEIGH ANYTHING UNDER A STONE AND A HALF!
US LIGHTWEIGHTS HAS A HARD LIFE!
WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR, WIMPY?
MONEY, MY BOY- MONEY!
PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS LOSING MONEY, RIGHT? WELL, IF SOME PEOPLE LOSE IT, OTHER PEOPLE MUST FIND IT!
THAT FIGURES!
WHAT IS THIS I SEE BEFORE ME? A TEN PENCE PIECE!
IF YOU KEEPS EATIN' HAMBURGERS YOU'LL BE EVEN FATTER THAN YOU ARE NOW!
SAM'S HAMBURGE
TRUE.
SAM'S HAMBURGERS
BILL'S GYM
LOSE WEIGHT HERE
THEN I WILL SIMPLY ATTEND THE WEIGHT-REDUCTION CLASSES!
LATER...
WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR, SWEE'PEA?
BUTCHER
BILLS GYM
LOSE WEIGHT HERE
PEOPLE ARE LOSING WEIGHT IN THERE- RIGHT?
CORRECT.
LOSE WEIGHT HERE
WELL, IF SOME FOLKS IS LOSING IT, US LIGHTWEIGHTS SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND IT!
ARF! ARF!

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Take a big breath for the laughs soon!

A RECEPTACLE
PRESENTATION